Numb. 15

The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: Being Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Monday *April* 11. to Monday *April* 18.

London, April 11th.

A Squire of the *West*, lately came to this Town, arm'd with so much cunning and resolution, that he defied the subtlest or stoutest Bully in *Christendom* to do him a mischief. And indeed the directions he had drawn up for his own guidance, were so subtly dictated, and so methodically digested, that had he duly observed them, it had been impossible for him to have miscarried. They were drawn up in a pocket-table-book for his memory sake, and heartily sworn to betwixt the Squire and himself, as followeth. *Imprimis.* Not to touch a Card or a Dye in the town, upon any account whatsoever. *Item.* To forbear squeezing of Wax, and to have a special care of Signing, Sealing and Delivering. *Item.* For prevention of Quarrels, not to come into any strange company, or take the Wall of any body with a Sword on. *Item.* To enter into no league with a Woman, either upon the account of Love or Letchery. And *Lastly*, as the ground-work of all, never to drink to an excess, or stay late out of his lodging. Fortifi'd *Cap-a-pe* with this Table of Documents, and casting a sly and supercilious look upon every body he met; as he went towards his Quarters, he was very unluckily accosted by an acquaintance of his in the Country, whom he had made Love to in his Fathers life time, but was forbid to marry her upon pain of disinheritance. Upon so happy an interview she furbish'd up her old acquaintance with him, and in spight of his Memorandums wheadled him into a Tavern, where by the subtil power of Wine, or the more subtil force of her insinuations, she Jilted him out of his five Commandments, and his seven Senses, leaving him to the mercy of Rascals as drunk as a Rat, and as poor as a Church-Mouse.

St. James, April 12. A Tradesman of the Gentle-Craft (whom, by agreement, I am obliged to call honest) being busily employed in his shop, and cutting out work for he knew not whom, left those short commons he design'd for Dinner to the managment of his Wife, who in the mean time had an old friend of hers, that, either by appointment or accident, came to give her a visit; one who had heard her frequently complain, *That no Body went worse shod than the Shoe-makers Wife*; and that in so sly and metaphorical a way, that 'tis said, he knew the *length of her foot* as well as her Husband. This you'l say was an intimate friend indeed, so that she could do no less than treat him kindly (I cannot say civilly) in her chamber with a Cup of Brandy. The good man all this while thinking no harm (neither do I say there was any done) work'd so long till at last his belly rung noon, so that finding by his appetite (the most infallible sort of clock) that it was high-dinner time, he threw aside his Tackle, and came into the Kitchin (which was a dining-room too upon occasion) to see how matters stood; and tho' he heard not so much as a Mouse stirring, he began to *smell a Rate*, so that stealing up stairs with all the *Gentle-Craft* he had, he gave himself an unhappy occasion to think there had been work done in his absence that he neither ordered nor desired; however he judged it but reasonable to pay the Work-man; and so, neither to Publish his Wife's faults, nor his own shame, he handsomly curried his hide and sent him packing.

St. *Martains*, April 13. A notable Shaver of this place, that was pretty well esteemed of for his accurate management of a Comb and a pair of Scissars; besides his faculty in drawing of Teeth, and an approved Receipt for killing of Nits, Notwithstanding he had so many Strings to his Bow, being the Son of a *Surgeon*, and the Grandson of a Fidler, could not thrive for the heart of him: So that finding Poll-money to come in at a slow rate, he made a dangerous agreement with himself, to go and venture his life at Sea as *Surgeon* of a Ship. In order to which desperate design, he muster'd up his Spatula, and a few Plaisters for fear of the worst, and resolved to be packing that Evening. When, to see the luck on't, as he was putting on a Private look to prevent mistrust enters an honest *Cambro-Britain* with a bag of Money he had taken in *Smith-field* for a parcel of Welsh Runts, to the value of twenty pound, which he carefully deposited in the Window. The Tonsor had presently an Eye upon the prize, and being very officious in seating his Customer, he presently fell to work, bestowing his soap upon him very liberally, especially

tially about the eyes and Muzzle, and ſo, taking time by the Fore-lock, he trips off with the Money, leaves his Patient in the Suds: Who for all his haſt, after he had ſworn half a dozen of his own Country Oaths at Cutbeard for his ſlow diſpatch, was fain to wipe his mouth, and return home again with as little money as he brought out with him.

Smith-field, April 14. A ſmock-fac'd young fellow who was an Apprentice in the Country to Lice, Poverty and Theft, courts a furrow'd piece of antiquity there (that had been ready plough'd to his hand) for the ſake of the Crop. But having gotten in the Harveſt, and worn out the ſoil, he very ungratefully leaves her to reap the Fruit of her own barrenneſs. Coming to Town with ſo great a ſum of Money, that he fancied no body had any beſides himſelf; he falls in league with a young brisk Dame of the ſame family where he lived, who pleaſed him ſo well, that he preſents her with new Gowns, Petticoats, and other things in his way of Trade; beſides the private kindneſſes between them, which I ſhall not ſpeak of. The good Woman (whither Wife or Miſtreſs) between her Husband and her Gallant liveth very ſplendidly and voluptuouſly, making her boaſt in the Neighbourhood, that ſhe hath one Husband for the Day, and another for the Night; like the Welſh-man, who always changed his ſhirt (that is, left it off) when he went to bed; or like the *Delian Knight*, who uſed in the day time to go a Rogueing with *Cyrene*, *Daphne*, and others of his wanton acquaintance, but at Night never fail'd of viſiting his old Bedfellow *Amphitrite*; but however, ſo well do theſe Gallants manage the buſineſs, that though the world rings of their vicious practices, the poor Cuckolds, *Neptune* and the *Joyner*, miſtruſt nothing of the matter.

Holbourn, April 15. A certain crafty pragmatical Companion, whom Hearb-women and Fiſh-wives uſed to ſlander with the title of Lawyer, having borrowed Ten Pound on his own bare Note without Witneſs, when it came to be demanded, had bred ſuch a difference between his Hand and his Tongue, that they could by no means be brought to acknowledge one another. The Creditor appeal'd to his conſcience, but all in vain, for he might ſooner have found out the North-Eaſt-paſſage than any thing of that nature in his *Nebulonical Microcoſm*. The caſe having lain ſome time thus deſperate, and the Inn-keeper concluding he ſhould have nothing but a dear bargain of *bought-Wit* for his Money, Employs a crafty Attorney, who undertakes the buſineſs, and over a Glaſs of Wine brought him (by a ſtratagem) to acknowledge the Note to be of his own Hand-writting; whereupon he ſues him, and in ſhort time recovers the Money, Thus Diamonds cut Diamonds, and the *Tarrier* is the beſt diſcoverer of the *Fox*.

Lucian's Aphoriſms.

The *Tyger* is ſaid to be the Crueleſt *Beaſt* in the World, but a *Vſurer* upon a Bond will go to the Devil for Money.

Croſs Paths many times put a Man out of his *Way*, and croſs Fortunes many waies put a Man out of his *Wits*.

Virginity is Precious while it is Purely kept, but if it catch a *Crack*, the *Beauty* is gone.

The Sting of a Scorpion is onely healed with his Blood, and where Beauty Wounds, Love makes the Cure.

When the *Rich* Prey on the *Poor*, and the *Poor* Pray for the *Rich*, there is great difference in *Praying*.

An eſcape from Danger is Comfortable, but to keep out of it is Wiſdom.

The Cryes of *Fools* make a foul Noiſe, while the Hearts of the *Honeſt* bleed inwardly.

Sickneſs is the Bodies Curb, and Sorrow the Minds; but Unkindneſs in a Friend, is the Break-heart of a good Spirit.

A Painted Sword is for a Bragging Coward, but the Souldiers Iron makes way where it goes.

Many Factions breeds Seditions, but Unity and Peace are the joys of a Kingdom.

Confeſſion and ſorrow without amendment, are like the pumping of a Ship without ſtopping the Leaks.

He that hath but one Hog makes him fat, and he who hath but one Son makes him a Fool.

If all fools did wear white Caps, the whole World would ſeem a flock of Geeſe.

She that loves not her Husband, lacks either *Honeſty* or *Wit*, and ſhe that loves not her ſelf, will go near to be ſluttiſh.

Three chief things a Traveller had need to have a care of: His Tongue, his Purſe and his middle Finger.

Hell gates, and a *Whores* Apron, are ever open for wicked gueſts.

A crafty Knave needs no Broker, and a ſnarling Cur will bit behind.

The World goes hard with Pride, when a Lady lies at the red Latice.

Need makes a hard ſhift, when a man Pawns his Cloaths for his Dinner.

Divertiſement.

FRom New Spain *in* Green Land, *there is lately arrived a ſmall Veſſel laden with Hogs-wooll, very uſeful for the making of Bever-Felts, an admirable preſervative againſt the Epidemical diſeaſe of Maggots, breeding in Paper-ſculls: And Apes tayls, to make bruſhes for the wipeing off wrinkles from withered faces: They are to be ſold by Inch of Candle, at the* North-India *Houſe, near* Cow-Croſs, *enquire of the* Stock-Jobbers *on the Royal Exchange.*

LONDON Printed, and Sold by the General Aſſembly of *Hawkers*, 1698.

Fund

Jennings

Collation

Numb.[1]-15; 17th Jan-Apr.11/18, 1698.
15?,cut top and bottom,mounted at sides.
Prefixed: title-page: An Antidote against melancholy. (Described by dealer as a catchpenny,t-p; not mentioned in CBEL recording of 1-15 as a complete set.)

Author

The English Lucian.

Call no. Z17.0163